

## THE POST.

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At Lebanon, Ky., By  
W. W. JACK.TERMS:—The Post will be furnished  
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## Poet's Corner.



## Original.

For the Lebanon Post.

## A—MUSING.

Grand Autumn comes with trailing robe,  
Her flowing mantle widely flung;  
And field and forest, hill and glade,  
Wail sadly forth—"our doom is sung."

Her girle bright—"of richest green,  
Her brow with sunset's crimson crowned  
Aurora for her toilette sheen,  
Bright diadems scatter all around."

For balmage meet, majestic Night,  
Her tints of stars put on,  
The daylight goal bends at her feet,  
And shines the brightest e'er he shown.

But his love so bold—so ardent—strong,  
Consumes aught all it falls upon;  
And e'en bright Autumn, his victim falls,  
As onward to finish his course he rolls.

Her robe by his touch, once beautiful grown,  
Now lies by that same touch withered and brown,  
And leaves of bright amber came showering down,  
Like gems from some orient monarch's crown.  
But anon to chase off the deep shadows that lie,  
On earth's bosom gay zephyr comes dancing by;  
And where darkest and dimmest the shades have been  
The glad rays of sunshine and hope enter in.

WARREN.

## Select Tales.

From the Kuickerbocker.

## HILDEGARD.

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

"Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen  
An Eude Schiffer und Kahn;  
Und dass hat mit ihren Sengen  
Die Lorelei gathen." [HEINE.]

(CONCLUDED.)

"Dearest Hildegard, I cannot leave you here with the retainers only. I must go to meet the Emperor; and then there will be no one to protect you from the old Katz. I will not leave you until you promise to go to your cousin Schoenberg's to remain until I return. Will you do so?"

"Yes, dear Max, although here is no danger for the three or four days that you will be absent."

"Well, I have your promise, and another one. On your birth day you go with me to Steinrad as its darling mistress; is it not so?"

And the lady Hildegard blushed; and Graf Max von Steinrad put his arms about her, and their lips were pressed together. So Max departed.

Now this happened the very day before our history opens. And on the morrow Hildegard donned her riding-attire, and attended by her maidens, and six men-at-arms, rode gaily for Schoenberg. The sun shone, the girls prattled, the sweet brown eyes of Hildegard noted the scenery, and her heart remembered Max; and so they rode slowly along until the sun began to decline in the heavens and to slant his golden rays through the foliage of the wood. Then one of the troopers rode up to Hildegard, and doffing his bonnet-cap, said:

"Would it please you, noble lady, to prick on a little faster? I do not think we will reach Schoenberg before night-fall."

"I don't think you will," cried a gruff voice from a bush; and then there was the tramp of mailed steeds, and the ring of arms, and twenty troopers headed by Katzenellenbogen, surrounded the party of Hildegard. Resistance was useless, and the poor lady found herself by night-fall a prisoner in one of the turret rooms of the tierce Baron.

And when the moonlight was clear in heaven and gleamed upon the swift Rhine, she, tired with weeping, sat leaning her head upon her hand by the window. She was watching the foam about the rock of the Lorelei, when she saw a light cloud rise slowly and hover above it, and then float down the river.

"Poor Lorelei," she thought, "doubtless she has suffered much to have so sad a part to play, and I at least pity her."

As she said this, she felt something brush the back of her hand, and a drop of water fell upon it. She started, but only saw the light cloud float slowly back up the Rhine.

"The dews are beginning to fall," she said, and was turning from the window when she heard a splash in the moat and looking down, made out the figure of a man swimming. He soon crossed the moat, and in a little while his head appeared above the wall, which he had climbed by the aid of a long pole-axe. Dropping inside the court yard, he came directly under her window and said in a low voice:

"Hildegard! it is I, Max."

She restrained a cry with difficulty. "O, Max!" she said. "do not stay there, you will be lost!"

"I suspect he will," answered the voice of the Baron; and in one moment a dozen retainers had surrounded Graf Max, beat down his defence, and made him prisoner. His presence was explained by the fact of his having met a messenger from

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the emperor dispensing with his attendance; and on his return a peasant had informed him of the carrying off of his betrothed.

Poor Hildegard had sunk back nearly fainting, when the entrance of her prosecutor forced her to summon up all her courage.

"Well, fair dame, as your intended mate is now caught and caged, perhaps you will think better of the proposal I made you. I have broad lands and a stout arm. You cannot do better."

"Sir Baron, the detestation that I had for you is now coupled with the deepest contempt. You are as cowardly as you are brutal, or you would not thus misuse the inoffensive. Know then, once for all that Hildegard Countess von Salis, rather than even touch your hand, would have her own right arm hewn from the shoulder. And now give me at least relief from your presence; and ye maidens, keep better watch and see that ye keep the bolt in the staples."

Then did the high and mighty Franz Baron von Katzenellenbogen return to his hall in a rage.

"Curse that little manikin," he cried; "what good hath it done to catch the birds, if I cannot make them sing? Curses on the little wretch!"

Scarcely had he said this when a whistle was heard behind him, and seemed as if it would cut the nerves in two.

"Hark you, Baron," said the little man, "don't curse your friends before they fail; but to-morrow do as I tell you." He whispered a few words in the Baron's ear, and walked through the wall as on the first occasion. And the lord of Katzenellenbogen looked pleased, and having chuckled mirthfully over his mighty posset, retired to his couch and snored.

VI.

The morning rose fresh, dewy, and serene.—The glad voices of the birds mingled with the scent of the flowers, and went up through the pure atmosphere toward God. And Hildegard rose early, and seated herself sadly by her bedside, when her morning prayer was ended, and began to think of her mournful lot.

A prattling faun startled her from her meditations, and drew her to the window. In the court yard below was a scaffold dressed, hung with black cloth, and surrounded by the retainers of the house of Katzenellenbogen. Upon it, masked and clothed in red, stood the tall *Scharfrichter*, or headsman, leaning upon his sword. Beside him, pale, gagged, with his hands bound behind him, knelt Graf Max von Steinrad.—With a shriek the poor girl fell back and covered her face with her hands; then rising, she ran to the door, drew the bolts, opened it and found herself face to face with the Baron.

"Oh, save him! save him!" she cried.

"Come with me, fair dame," he answered; and taking her hand he led her back to the window.

"There, you see, is your lover. You have now ten minutes to decide whether you will go with me to the altar, or see his head stricken from his shoulders."

Hildegard fell at his feet, crying: "O, my lord, have you no mercy? Think of your own mother."

"My father won her with the sword," "But you got possession of our persons by treachery."

"Oh, all is fair in love."

"Is there then no way to save him?"

"Yes; become my wife."

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Then take your last look at him; for when I have counted three, his head will roll in the dust."

"Mercy!" cried Hildegard.

"Ouel!" said the Baron, and the executioner drew himself up.

"Max! dear Max!" she called from the window, turning her streaming eyes toward her betrothed. He turned his pale face toward her, and made her a mute sign of adieu.

"Two!" and the headsman swung his sword on high. Then Hildegard, white as ashes, stretched out her hand to the Baron, and said: "Lead me to the chapel!"

"Unbind the prisoner and lead him to his room," ordered the Baron. Now come my bride."

And he led her to the chapel, and the nuptial benediction was pronounced; and Hildegard was Baroness von Katzenellenbogen. She fell fainting and was carried by her maids into the sacristy.

While the Baron was still standing, they heard a cry of alarm from the sentinal, and the feudal lord sprang forth and mounted the wall. Led on the other side of the moat sat Hildegard upon a snow-white palfrey, and waved her hand to him, and struck her horse with a light whip, and away like the wind. He sprang from the wall, and across the draw-bridge; there stood a jet-black charger saddled, and without a moment's thought the Baron leaped upon his back and drove the spurs into his sides. The bound of the steed was like the whoop of an eagle, and he thundered down the hill. God, what a wild ride! plashing through marsh and brook, scrambling through thicket and rocky pass, the woman and the palfrey before, the Baron behind on his swart steed, that snorted with fury. On up the Rhine, through startled hamlet, dark cedar wood on past the rock of the Lorelei to the house of a boatman on the shore. Here he saw Hildegard spring from her palfrey

and into a skiff, which, with one light push, she sent from the shore. A few bounds brought her pursuer to the same place, and in another moment he too was in a boat sweeping down the fierce current of the Rhine.

With his eyes fixed upon her, he saw her approach the rock of the Lorelei, and with a light foot leap upon it. Then she dashed the white wreath from her head and shook down her tresses, no longer brown, but golden as the sunlight; she tore the robe from her shoulders, and her white bosom rose, fair as the snow, and with her ivory arms she swept the golden chords of a harp, and her weird, sweet song rang into the reeling brain of the Baron.

"O God!" he shrieked, "it is me, Lorelei." And as the power of the whirlpool caught his bark, he heard her ringing, unearthly laugh, and saw her mocking, pitiless face, and the whirlpool had him and sucked him down into its vortex, and threw his bruised corpse back to the surface, and the current cast it the feet of the retainers on the shore.

And when they would have raised it to bear it to the chapel, a horrid ear-piercing whistle was heard, and the little man appeared, seized the corpse by the belt, lunged it about like a feather, and vanished with it into the ground.

Thus, for her pity, did the Lorelei take the form of Hildegard, and lure the Baron to his doom. As for Hildegard, all that the marriage had accomplished was to make her inheritress of the domain and castle of Katzenellenbogen; and not knowing precisely what else to do with it, she presented it to Graf Max von Steinrad, with all that was in it, including herself.

DRIVING OFF THE FOG.—On the last trip of the steamer Express, around from Nashville she was detained several hours by fog, so that she did not arrive here as soon as she was expected. Capt. McComas, anxious to get along, did not stop his boat but kept her cautiously moving forward, having both eyes wide open for any opposing obstacle. Passing to the stern of the boat to take an observation, he was met by a passenger who said to him, "Captain why don't you drive off the fog?" "Just the thing I should like to have you tell me how to do!" "Come down to the cabin and I'll tell you how an old German friend of mine once did it."

In a few moments after they were seated in the cabin, when the passenger commenced by saying, "I shall expect that you will believe it, and of course try the experiment."

In the rich valley of the Mohawk, there is a quiet little village called "Spraker's basin." Not many years ago, and before there was such a thing as a Railroad in State of New York, the veritable Mr. Spraker, the patriarch and founder of Spraker Basin, was keeping a tavern within a mile or so of the village, upon the thoroughfare known as the Johnstown road.—Spraker's as it was generally called, was in the early times the great rendezvous for the Mohawk farmers, while journeying to Albany with their wheat, and of the Jefferson and Lewis county drovers. Now and then a New York merchant on his way to the Northern settlements was to be seen before the great wood fire in the bar-room of Spraker's tavern. This class of travellers were held in such respect by old Spraker, and the honest Dutch farmers on the river. They were in fact the "some Punkies" of the present day, among all the guests that put up at Spraker's for the night. One of the class accosted the old man on the porch, one foggy morning, with

"Mr. Spraker, do you have much of this weather down here in this valley?"

"O yes, but we don't mind it, Mr. Steward. I has a way of trying it off. Tish no matter at all, tish fog."

"How's that Mr. Spraker, I should like to know the process of the fog?" "Well, I takes a tram and goes out and feeds to pigs, and if te fog tont go off party soon, I takes another tram, and den I goes out, and fodders de cattle, and den if te fog aint gone by dis time, I takes another tram, and den I goes out and chops wood lik dunder, and den if te fog tont go by dis time, I takes another tram, and so on Mr. Steward, I keeps doing till de fog all goes away."

"Well, upon my word, Mr. Spraker, this is a very novel mode indeed to get clear of fog. How many drams did you ever take of a morning before you succeeded in driving off the fog?" "Let me see, about two years ago, I think I had to take about twenty drams, but, tat was a tam foggy morning!"

THE QUIZ QUIZZED.—A swell-clerk, from the city of New York, who was spending an evening in a country tavern, cast about him for amusement. Feeling secure in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer:—

"I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The one who holds out the largest shall take the whole, and treat the company."

"I'll do it," said an old farmer.

The cockney dropped in a quarter. The countryman followed, with a "Bangtown" copper.

"Go on," said the cockney.

"I won't," said the farmer, "take the whole and treat the company."

## An Indians' Epitaph.

A country farmer by the name of Keazle, residing in the State of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death, (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian poet then passing through that part of the country, requesting him to come and carry all night with him, and compose his epitaph; for which he proffered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast, and bitters; to these proposals he very readily agreed. Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazle began to urge the poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be.

The Indian replied that he would pay up as he went; he had now got his supper and drink, and would make one half of the epitaph. Thus he began:—

"There was a man who died of late,  
For whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms and wings of love  
To waft him to the realms above."

Keazle was so well pleased with this part that he sent off early the next day to collect his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished, thinking, no doubt, the latter part would surely terminate as happily as the preceding seemed to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his sack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten his epitaph; Keazle soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have this most excellent epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him over in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with impatience to hear the inscription.

"Aye, sure enough," said the semi-delinquent, "I had like to have forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazle. Well, since your neighbors have not as yet heard any part of it, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again."

"Do so, if you please," replied Keazle with anxious expectations.

"Well then," said the poet, standing at the door, and leaning on his staff.—

"There was a man who died of late,  
For whom angels did impatient wait,  
With outstretched arms and wings of love  
To waft him to the realms above."

But while they disputed for the prize, still hovering around the lower skies  
In ship'd the devil like a weazel,  
And down to hell he kicked old Keazle."

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazle close after him with his cane; but, being unable to overtake the poet, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were all in a roar of laughter.

RAILROADING.—As the Lafayette train was pitching along the other day, at a most terrible rate, it was hailed from a large farm house with loud shouts of "Stop, stop!"

The bell was rung—the whistle screamed—the train was stopped.

"What's wanted?" asked the conductor.

"Why," said the old man, "me and my old woman wants to go with you."

"Well," said the conductor, "get aboard—get aboard."

"But we ain't near ready yet. My old woman has just begun to dress, and wants you to wait."

There was a perfect explosion. The ladies tittered—the men screamed—the conductor looked blank, and shouted, "Go ahead!" notwithstanding the passengers all begged him to wait until the woman dressed.

Who will dare say that woman don't claim their rights in this country, where a whole train is stopped to give a chance to put on her "becomings?" Western women against the world! If she had got hold of the conductor she would have made him wait!

AMUSING SCHOOL SCENE.—It was examination day in our school—we had "read and spell"—old the sounds of all the letters that had any sound—said the "abbreviations" and "mortification table" without missing a word—and then we were ranged on the floor in front of the "visitors," to be looked at and to answer such questions as they or the teacher saw fit to ask.

"Where was John Rogers burnt to death?" said the teacher to me in a commanding voice.

I couldn't tell.

"The next?"

No answer.

"Joshua knows," said a little girl, at the foot of the class.

"Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

"In the fi-er," said Joshua looking very solemn and wise.

That was the last question. We had liberty to make all the noise we pleased for five minutes and then go home.

"Does Pa kiss you because he loves you?" inquired a little snubby nosed urchin of his maternal ancestor, the other day. "To be sure, sonny, why?" "Wall I guess he loves the kichen girl, too, for I seen him kiss her more'n forty times last Sunday, when you was gone to meeting."

"Ma fainted!"

## Taken at his Word.

An esteemed friend and always welcome correspondent at West Point, sends us the following, which he says is "vero ben trovato."

"Poor old Sambo was very pious; and as he became well stricken in years, and looked upon the world and its surroundings as vanity and vexation of spirit, he flattered himself into the belief that he was willing and anxious to die—unnatural, certainly; but we have the word of a philosopher, that 'imagination breedeth strange fancies.' So he used to sit in his log hut, after his day's task was over, alone, with a tallow candle flickering upon the ground floor; and so he used to work himself into his favorite belief. First he sang a hymn, and edified himself with the anticipation that he should

"Walk down the golden street  
With silver slippers on his feet."

and then rocking himself backward and forward, his eyes closed, and his mouth open, he would ejaculate 'and repeat'—

"Whenever de angel ob de Lord shall call,  
poor old Sambo is ready to go."

"Now this became commonly known among the younger darkies upon the plantation, who had a grudge against old Sam because he was 'a terror to evil doers,' accordingly, one night a negro vagrant crept to the door of the hut, and waited for old Sam to begin. First came the hymn, and at length, with a sigh and a groan, he began to sway his body, and out it came:

"Whenever de angel ob de Lord shall call,  
poor old Sambo is ready to go."

"Tap, tap, tap!" upon the door.

"Who dar?" shouted Sam, turning his eyes until the whites alone were visible.

"De angel of de Lord!"

"What do he want?" gasped Sambo.

"He come for old Sambo," was the dread reply.

"Phugh!" out went the candle at one puff; 'dar aint no Sambo here; he's gone dead morn'n tree weeks!'

"E-yah! e-yah! e-yah!" shouted a chorus from without."

THE ORIGIN OF THE PALEOT.—Count d'Orsay, then reigning as the king of fashion in London, was one day returning from a steeple chase, mounted on a race horse, and followed by a jockey, when he was overtaken by the rain; a common accident under the amiable British climate, but against which he found himself entirely unprotected. The jockey had forgotten to provide for his master, the supplementary overcoat that he usually carried carefully folded and attached to his back by a leathern belt. The shower increased; and the king of fashion was threatened with taking cold, when he perceived a sailor, dressed in a broad and long jacket of coarse cloth which enveloped him comfortably from his chin to the middle of his legs.

"Here, my friend," said the Count d'Orsay, stopping his horse, "will you go into this shop, and drink my health till the shower is over?"

"With pleasure replied the sailor."

"Well, then, take off your jacket and sell it to me; you will not want it while you are in the house, and you can buy another after it has done raining."

"Willingly, my lord."

The sailor threw off his covering. Count d'Orsay gave him ten guineas, put the clumsy jacket on over his frock coat, and, thus equipped, spurred his horse and rode into London.

The rain had ceased while this bargain was going on. It was the hour for promenading in Hyde Park; and here he made his appearance in the midst of the elegant crowd, with his sailor's jacket worn as an overcoat.

"How original, how charming! it is delicious!" said the dummies.

The next day all the fashionables of London had similar coverings, and the Paleot was invented; the Paleot which has made the tour of the world, and which still flourishes after ten year's wear. This was its origin.

Eugene Guinot relates this, with several other amusing anecdotes of the late Count d'Orsay, in a letter to the editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, from which paper we translate it.

"WHAT'S YOUR GOURD?"—A humorous correspondent in Georgia writes us an account of a public dinner given at Griffin, where a raw, unsophisticated countryman who had never drank water from a tumbler, seated himself at the table, and after waiting as long as his patience could stand it, wiped his lips, reached over and got hold of a large pitcher, and vociferated loud enough to be heard the whole length of the dining-room—

"Look o' here, you infernal niggers! I'm dry enough to drink all the water in the house. Wnar in thunder's your gourd.—*Literary Museum.*"

A Western editor announcing the death of a lady of his acquaintance, thus touchingly adds:—"In her decease, the sick has lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand, and a cup of *rhenbarb* in the other."

The difficulty between England and Turkey, relative to the attack on the frigate *Modeste*, has been adjusted.

## Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion,	75
For each subsequent insertion,	25
For half column 6 months,	\$14
" " 12 months,	18
For whole column 6 months,	18
" " 12 months,	25

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of time for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

## A Dialogue on Mon(e)y.

Jack.—Say, Tom, how many kinds of money are there?

Tom.—Let me see. Why, there's gold, silver, copper, and bills.

Jack.—Ha, ha, ha! Why, then's only the stuff money is made of!

Tom.—Oh, pshaw! You want me to tell the names of all the coins in the world. How the deuce should I know what one half of them are called?

Jack.—I've only asked you how many kinds of money; but, as you don't know, I'll tell you. There's pashi-mony, acrimony, anti-mony, har-mony, and matrimony; which some people call the best-mony; but give me *cash*-mony, any day, in preference. Ha, ha, ha!—N. Y. Pick.

THE LIPS.—Leigh Hunt says of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, "I must here give as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that the lips become more or less contracted in the course of years in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness, or contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humors and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such moments. Remark the reserve and make a similar judgement. The mouth is the frankest part of the face, it can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good, we may effect what we please but affectation will not help us in a wrong cause; it will only make our observers resent endeavors to impose on them. The seat of one class of emotions as the eyes are of another; or, rather, it expresses the same emotions, but in greater detail, and with more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the legion of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, of a full breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of a earking care of liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression to the eye—as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated."

"Mr. Jones, you said that Mr. Rozin was a composer. Does the Court understand from that, that he was a writer of music?"

"No sir-e, he's called a composer because he never talks to a man without putting him to sleep."

"Crier, call the next witness."

## A New Balm of Gilead.

Mrs. Credulous issues the following certificate through the *Belknap Gazette*, and though it seems to be an advertisement, we insert it without fee or reward, for the benefit of her numerous relatives throughout the country:

I, Cordelia Credulous, have been for years suffering from universal debility, spine in the back, tapeworms, rheumatism, and a long standing rebellious complaint, making me despot costly bedtimes, and besides these, I am not well myself; so



# THE POST,



LEBANON, KY.

Wednesday Morning, Oct 13, 1852

## Remember;

That from and after the 30th of Sept. that the *Lebanon Post* can be sent to any post office in this county free of postage; and to any post office in the State at the law rate of 3½ cents per quarter, or 13 cents the year. Now who will not subscribe to their own paper?

Come up and subscribe for the *Post*, and get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. We have not near got a living list yet. Remember, also, that we propose to send it to clubs of 10 for \$15, or \$1 50 to each subscriber; or to clubs of 20 for \$25, or \$1 25 to each subscriber. Clubs must be paid for in advance. We make no boasts about our paper, but we are willing to let it sink or swim on its own merits or demerits. If you do not like our paper do not take it, but do not say: "I like the paper very well, and would be very glad to see it continue," and then turn right around and borrow your neighbor's paper.

We have discovered a vast amount of indigent poverty, since our sojourn in this county; men who no one would suspect of being "hard run," who, in fact are reputed wealthy; and yet, astonishing to relate, they are not able to take their own paper! We would go in to levy a penny tax to support such men.

## Something New.

The County Court of Marion co., in the plenitude of their power, at their last sitting refused the people the privilege of voting for or against the Railroad Tax! What think you of that, people of Marion? In times gone by, the Legislature of your State had the power to use with a liberal hand, your money, earned by the sweat of your brow, in sectional or useless internal improvements. The people seeing this and many other objectionable points in the old Constitution arose up in their republican power and changed it by their servants in the Convention. The new Constitution—emphatically the "people's Constitution"—guarantees them the right to say, through the ballot box whether they were willing to tax themselves, not to look and dam rivers hundreds of miles from them, but to make improvements within their own County.

What can the people of this county think of seven men whom they have, by their votes, placed in the position which they occupy, refusing—aye, refusing them the dearly bought privilege of voting for or against this measure. We have, perhaps spoken too fast.—There was a majority of the Justices present who voted against permitting the vote to be taken. Those who voted for it, of course are not held culpable. We contend that the others are culpable for permitting their own private feelings to influence them to thus disregard everything like right and justice. Why, one Justice went so far as to make an anti-railroad speech. If it had only been at the proper time and place, we would have been delighted to have heard him; for an anti-railroad speech is something so novel, in this age of advancement and railroads, that it would have had the virtue, at least of being something new under the sun.

The question arises in our mind whether in a case like the present, the County Court has the right to take into consideration the advantages and disadvantages of the project.—A number of the respectable and responsible citizens of this County, petition the County Court according to law to have the people say by their votes whether they are willing or not to pay taxes to build a railroad; they (the County Court), because their private opinion is against the project, will not let the people have any say in it whatever, but crush it at once.

Is it not a great thing to be a "Squire"? When you are not a "Squire," you have but one vote, and in this case you have none; but when you are a "Squire," you have one equal to five hundred! Oh how we do wish we were "Squire," if they really do possess so much power. The Queen of England, by enactments, has become curialed in her power; but there seems to be no end to the power of the County Court of Marion.

People of Marion, we ask you again, what do you think of your public masters?—servants, we had liked to have said. You that were in for defeating the project would you not have preferred to have

done it yourself by the prerogative granted to you by the new Constitution?

We do think that this procedure is unprecedented in the annals of County Courts.

The following is the vote as it stood, not upon the records, however, for they refused to have any record made of the transaction:

Ayes—Judge M. J. Cecil, and Esqrs. B. Edmonds, W. Edmondson, and Wm. Bork.

Nays—Esqrs. C. Mills, W. K. Thompson, B. A. Vancleave, and J. W. Rineheart.

There being a tie the petition was lost. The other Justices of the County were not present. We publish the ayes and nays, in order to let our readers know who voted for and who against their exercising the right of suffrage.

## TEA PARTY.

There will be a sumptuous *Tea Party* given by some of the ladies of this place, and vicinity, on to-morrow, (Thursday), evening. The object, is to assist in purchasing an organ for the Catholic Church of Lebanon. It will take place in the Court House.

We hope to see a full attendance at the sumptuous repast which will be spread, and that every one will come prepared to do ample justice to the delicious viands prepared by the handsome mistresses of the feast; convinced as we are, that the public will fully appreciate the motive, which prompts the fair ladies, and heartily yield their support to them; &c. consume all the edibles.

Tickets of admission may be had during the day, at the stores of Messrs L. A. Spalding & Co., D. & D. W. Phillips, Wathen & Co. and our office.

Dr. A. STERLING, now confined in the jail of this county, under the charge of a bigamist, and who is awaiting his trial, is a good tailor, and wishes to get some work. He finds it very lonely and wishes to do work for the two-fold purpose of employing his time and earning a little money. This is very laudable, and those who give him work to do, will be properly thanked and faithfully served by him.

Dr. MAXWELL, presented us the other day with a fine Sweet Potato. It is of the red skinned family; and is upwards of 12 inches in length, and large in proportion. We have frequently seen larger "gems," but never in our recollection have we seen so large a potato of this sort. If there are any in this county who can beat it let them bring them on, we will give them a sight.

We heard a man boasting of the size of a potato which he raised this year, on Saturday last. He said he went to his patch to dig some sweet potatoes, and came across a perfect mammoth. He hauled it out and pitched it into his basket, when out jumped a full grown rabbit, which had made its nest in it. We won't believe a word of it unless he proves—that there was a nest full of young rabbits found in the potato besides.

WONDERFUL, TRULY.—Little Jack o' of the Lebanon Post, has issued one number of his invaluable sheet without quoting the "Varieties" for good or evil.—"Wonders will never cease," as the old woman said when her daughter refused to be married.—*Varieties*.

No, for we fluted you out and concluded to stop the correspondence, for fear of contamination. We found out that your biggest trump, was "Jack-o!" so we determined to "jump the game." Whenever you scratch up something fresh, let us know, and we may assist you to make your bantling notorious. "Wonders will never cease," as our devil remarked when he observed the anxiety evinced by the editor of the *Varieties* to get notoriety, through the columns of that sheet which he sneeringly calls "invaluable." Poor soul, he is so put out and vexed at the silent contempt with which the "sarsaparilla man" treats his billingsgate, that we, through pity, notice him now and then, for fear he might "bite himself with a snake." It is asking entirely too much of us to demand a notice in every paper which we issue.

Our friend JAMES ADAMS brought us, on last Monday, some of the finest "Romanite" Apples which we have ever seen. They were rousers in size and delicious in taste. The mouths of our visitors fairly watered during the time we kept them in sight; we had finally to lock them up in order to save them. We were offered 5 and 10 cents a piece for them, frequently during the day.

Maj. H.—, of Springfield, is a dry old customer, and who "never speaks unless he says something." A few days ago he, with two or three other gentlemen, were passing by a very "sorry," no account cabbage patch, when he very dryly remarked:

"Well, those cabbage will never be

## Dancing Academy.

All who are in favor of participating in this healthful amusement and exercise, will please call at our Reading Room and subscribe to W. W. SEARS' subscription list, which is now open. The school will commence as soon as sixteen subscribers are obtained.

There was an immense crowd here on Monday last it being the day for the general muster. In the evening Gen. T. C. Wood, Democratic county Elector, for this county, and Mr. M. R. HARDIN, Whig Elector of Washington county, took a tilt at party politics.

On Saturday last, Capt. HEADY, Democrat, and John SURCK, Whig, made several speeches in behalf of their respective parties.

During the speaking the Whigs erected a beautiful pine pole, some 75 feet high; and on Monday morning they run up a SCOTT & GRAHAM flag on it.

On next Monday week, the 25th, there will be a fine hickory pole erected by the Democrats of Marion, in this place.

El Paso.—The San Antonio *Ledger* says that there are now about four hundred thousand dollars worth of goods at El Paso, or at Magoffinsville, the village on the American side of the Pass, while the goods now on the way there must amount to eighty or a hundred thousand dollars more. These goods were destined for the Chihuahua trade; but Gen. Trias, the Mexican commander there, has suddenly enforced the Mexican tariff, which will probably prove a death-blow to that trade, for the present.

## From Cuba.

By the arrival of the Black Warrior, at New Orleans, and Empire City, at New York, we have intelligence from Havana to the 1st inst.:

The dissatisfaction on the Island was growing stronger every day, and arrests of suspected persons continued to be made daily. The police force had been increased, and domiciliary visits were of frequent occurrence. So fearful are the authorities of the least outbreak that scarcely a vessel reached that port which was not boarded by one or more officers and thoroughly searched.

Don Facilio, publisher of the revolutionary paper, "Voice of the People," was garroted on the 28th. He met his fate with composure. His execution caused excitement. So great was the shock experienced by his mother who had been denied an interview with him, that she expired in a short time after the execution. The most high handed outrages have been committed on three American vessels. One of them the bark *Cornelia*, on leaving or New York, was ordered to anchor and detained for one day. Two of her passengers were also seized and imprisoned.

The letter bags of the vessel were taken, robbed and rifled of their contents.

The result of this extraordinary measure, which created an immense sensation, was the arrest, the same night, of Francis Frias, Count of Pozas Dulces, and his brother Joseph, as also Domingo Arrozarena, and the Marquis of Campos Limos, gentlemen holding very high positions in society, and of great wealth. The count of Pozas Dulces is the mother-in-law of General Lopez.

The bark Elizabeth Jay, Capt. Brooks, from Philadelphia, was subjected to the same treatment and an unusual searching—extra officers were placed on board, and her state-rooms locked up by the police.

The bark Childe Harold, which arrived on the 21st, was likewise very critically searched, all loose papers seized, and the vessel finally given in charge of the police of Havana. These outrages have been committed for no satisfactory cause whatever, but solely to gratify the prying ambition of the government. The British man-of-war, *Bosmer*, which left Havana on the 28th ult., refused to hoist her colors—the Captain being so utterly disgusted at the conduct of the authorities.

Arrests were still being made. Complaints were made against a certain colonel, who, in his zeal to ferret out conspirators against the movement, has thought proper to resort in his attempt to obtain confessions to the most unheard of cruelties. This man has been guilty of acts too barbarous to believe possible, in this age of civilization. White men as well as negroes, are subjected to the hyena like ferocity of this cold blooded monster.

The Count Pinheiro died of typhus fever on the night of the 20th inst. He had nothing to do with politics, but was a noble minded, generous man, whose death must be a great loss to Cuba.—The Count was ill only two or three days. He was appointed President of the Commission for the succor of the people at St. Jago de Cuba, and caught the fever in going from house to house asking subscriptions.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says:

What a shame that the American government should have here, at this moment such a consul as Morland. He thinks of nothing but the fees he can accumulate during Judge Sharkey's absence; and as to this government, they do not even pay him the compliment of addressing him at all, as witness the letters direct to Messrs. Drake & Co., in relation to the Crescent City. The Americans here complain bitterly of the want of an efficient man to represent them at a period of so much danger

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

## ARRIVAL OF THE ASIA.

New York, Oct. 6, P. M.

The Asia arrived with Liverpool dates to the 25th ult.

Lord Hardinge has been appointed commander-in-chief of the army. One third of a million of dollars has been received this week from Australia. Napoleon at Lyons said the cry of "Vive l'Empereur" affects my heart more than my pride, I am the servant of the country and have but one object to re-establish it, and it is difficult for me to know under what name I can best act. If the humble title of President will do, I do not want to change it for that of Emperor. There have been serious floods on the Rhine.

The King of Holland says invitations have been made for negotiations with Japan.

Matters between France and Belgium are becoming serious about the tariff. Jenny Lind gave 100,000 rix thalers for a girls school in Sweden. The Earl Bury by intimates the Duke of Wellington's funeral will take place after meeting of the Parliament, when he will be placed by the side of Nelson. The steamer *Parrot* arrived from Chagres at Southampton with \$150,000 in gold, and the ship *Swift* was on the way with a million.

By the inundation of the Rhine seven villages have been submerged. The French ship *Grunville* of Marseilles pillaged the natives on the west coast of Madagascar. The Captain and part of the crew were murdered.

Advices from Helena state that the American brig *Mary Adeline* got in River Congo and was attacked by 300 natives. The English brig of War, *Dolphin*, went to their assistance, and with a fire of shot and shells dispersed the assailants.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 6, M.

Dates from the City of Mexico to the 10th of September state that the Government has appointed commissioners for the examination of the proposals of the Tehuantepec road, of which four had been received.

The President had appointed a new cabinet. Ledo, Foreign Affairs; Tobacio, Treasury Department; Acquerio Justice.

Tamaulipas and Oaxaca are still disturbed.

The Texas crops are still improving.

The Mexican national guards have returned to Matamoros.

Arrived—*Impero* from Nicaragua, Sirs Holmes from New York, and Ocean Queen from Boston.

The Crescent City is coming up the river.—She arrived at Havana on Sunday P. M., and was forbidden all communication with the shore and ordered to sea forthwith. Capt. Porter made a formal protest, but the remonstrance was unavailing. She went to sea in a violent gale. She brings all Havana passengers and mails to this port. The pretext for this outrage was that Mr. Smith was on board.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 6.

Capt. Porter, of the Crescent City, says he was met by the boarding officers at the mouth of the harbor, and was ordered off, as no communication whatever would be had with him.

Capt. Porter's protest is an able and manly document.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 5.

Rev. J. W. Longene has been arrested at Skaneateles as a fugitive slave by the United States Marshal. The bells were rung, a meeting called, and great excitement prevailed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.

The Empire City from New Orleans and Havana has arrived with Havana dates to the 29th. Political affairs were quiet, and the city is healthy.

Judge Conklin, minister to Mexico, has left for Washington.

Senator Whitcomb is dangerously ill in this city.

The United States Steamer *Saranac* sailed to-day for Brazil.

Letters from Havana state that Facella, editor of the *Voz de Puebla*, was publicly garroted on the 28th.

The authorities seized the letter bag of the bark *Cambria* when under way for New York. The letters were opened, and several Crookes compromised by the contents were arrested.

Capt. Ward of the *Cambria*, Gasman, a Creole and Harkness, an engineer, secreted on board, attempted to leave without a passport and were arrested and taken ashore to prison.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 5.

There are two in this through from New Orleans. Galveston dates to the 24th ult., have been received. Governor Bell will call an extra session of the Legislature in February next.

The mail rider between San Antonio and El Paso has been attacked by a party of Indians and forced to return to San Antonio.

Nearly 11,000 bales of cotton was received at New Orleans on Monday last.

A party of Butchers engaged in giving burlesque serenades in New Orleans, had a conflict with the police. One serenader was killed instantly and one mortally wounded. Several of the police were wounded severely.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 5.

The mail is through from New Orleans.

Capt. Dearborn and the commander of the bark *Edward*, were lost on the 9th ult. on Port Vener, Cuba.

The brig *Mt. Vernon*, from Havana, was capsized in a hurricane. Seven passengers and four of the crew perished. The survivors remained on the wreck six days.

The schooner *Hope*, from Tampico to New York, put into Pensacola in distress. The captain and mate having died of yellow fever.

The mother of Facelli, who was garroted at Havana, died of grief the next day.

The Crescent City is not allowed to enter the harbor.

Smith, the purser has returned.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, M.

Senator Whitcomb of Indiana died last night.

The Express says that Daniel Webster will soon relieve himself and friends from the embarrassment caused by the use of his name for the Presidency.

Advices from Nicaragua says the Government have pre-emptorily rejected the Webster and Crumpton adjustment, and protest against all interference of affairs in Central America.

## THE STREET FIGHT AT MAYSVILLE.

The *Western Recorder*, of this city, gives the following particulars of the difficulty that occurred at Maysville a few days since.—*Low Paper*.

On Thursday of last week, while a knot of gentlemen were conversing on First street, in Maysville, Col. John Reid, of Hickory Place, Mason county, remarked that he hoped if Cassius Clay and Julian were allowed to speak in the court house, the county Judge would take the cholera in five minutes thereafter. The Rev. Dr. Grundy, pastor of the Presbyterian church, who was in a tailor's shop near by, stepped up immediately and said it would display more manliness if the Colonel would tell that to the judges face; and subsequently remarked that Col. Reid's language was illiberal, ungentlemanly and puppy-like. Col. Reid immediately struck the Doctor a stunning blow and felled him to the ground.—Falling on his face he was much bruised, his nose broken, and for several minutes life was extinct.

Col. Reid was brought before the Mayor or a breach of the peace and fined eight dollars! Here the difficulty rests, there being no inclination to push it farther.

We understand that the flux still prevails to a considerable extent in some portions of our county. In the family of Mr. James Purcell, living about seven miles from this place on the New Haven road, there were nine sick at one time during last week; eight had the flux and one the chills and fevers.

Elizabethtown (Ky.) Register, 5th.

The cholera has been fatal in the family of Mr. Algermon Smith, of this county. He and his wife and Mr. Thomas, her grandfather, and six blacks have died of the disease.

There has been, we understand, several cases in Leesburg, Harrison county.

Paris Citizen.

For the Lebanon Post.

JEFFERSON BOARD, a resident of Breckinridge County, departed this life at St. Mary's College, Sept. 15th. His illness was long and very painful, but after eight weeks of withstanding agony his constitution sunk under the weight of the disease, and his soul passed quietly away. Eternal bliss is the meet of those who "remember the Lord in the days of their youth."

He being an influential, eloquent and honorable member of the Philomathian Society.

Resolved, That whilst his parents mourn the loss of a dutiful son; his kindred of an affectionate relative; his well-wishers of a kind friend; we deplore the loss of an able member.

Resolved, That each member, as a token of remembrance, love and veneration, wear, for thirty days a badge of mourning.

Resolved, That the above proceedings be transmitted to the Editor of the "Lebanon Post," for publication and that a copy be also forwarded to the parents of the dead.

T. A. CHAYKROFT, }  
T. I. WATKINS, } Com.  
R. D. SPALDING. }

The above was transmitted to us a week or two ago, but got mislaid; hence the delay in its appearance. We regret this very much, and promise our young friends that it shall not occur again.

## Married.

ON the 7th inst., in Lebanon Ky., by the Rev. D. S. COLSON, Mr. ROBERT W. CLARK, of Boyle county, to Miss NANNIE IRLE, of the former place.

## New Advertisements.

GREAT BARGAIN!!

Valuable

FARM

For Sale.

I OFFER for sale my farm, in Hardin county, Ky.; situated about five miles south of Elizabethtown; one four h mile of the Turnpike road, and about half of a mile of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Said farm contains

500 Acres

Of first rate Bottom and 'Up' Land; well improved, with a good dwelling and necessary out-houses. Said land is in a fine state of cultivation; well timbered; well supplied with never-failing Springs, of as good water as there is in the State.—Is well adapted to raising stock and any kind of grain a man could wish. Being surrounded by good Merchant Mills, and in a neighborhood of good Society, renders it more desirable.

I will sell from two to five hundred acres, to suit the purchaser. For further particulars, call on the subscriber, on the premises.

Sept. 19, 1852. R. D. SPALDING.

A LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Lebanon on the first of October, 1852. If not taken out in three weeks will be sent to the General Post Office as dead letters. Please ask for advertised letters.

Adams Miss M Ann	Lee N M
Allen John	Logwood Edward
Allen Jane C	Low Elizabeth E
Burdett John	McAtee Richd
Bradshaw Clabarn	Maxwell Styles
Bell James	Marple J C
Bland John	McAtee Richd
Bashum Miss Annie	McConnell Jno M
Burks Mrs Jane L	Moseley Saml H
Brown O S	Miles Joseph
Bush D K	Mudd Jas A
Bright Treacy	Neece George
Baily E B	Martin Wm L
Bates Jno	Maron Burgess
Boyle M J	Mudd G B
Boat Robt	Miley Lewis
Cochran Sarah E	Mills Frances
Cook Tho	McElroy Wm E
Castillo M	McElroy Harvey
Clayburn & Weaver	Miller Evan
Cochran Miss Ann E	Ye Anney John
Crumme Wm	Nelson Miss Mary
Doherty John	Obryon Messrs R & Co
Dryfoot L	Porter Doctor J
Dority James	Porter C
Dorsey Miss	Penick Bluford
Edwards Mrs M I	Purdy Stephen
Edmondson Wilson	Penick B N
Edwards Mrs M I	Purdy E C
Edgar Andrew	Pulley Moses I
Eggen John	Purdy Miss E
Edlin Mrs Susan	Ridge Isaac
Edwards Mrs M I	R. wntree R H
Foreman Doctor	Rollins Clelan
Furner William	Roberson I S
Graves David	Shuck John
Graves G N	Spalding Ben
Graham John	Spalding The B
Gartin Mrs Elizabeth	Schelling James
Garrett John	Spalding Miss Mary
Graves Miss A L	Skaggs Jas M
Gibson Miss Elizabeth	Smith John
Graves G N	Smith Moses J
Glaseock U	Shelburne E C P
Gilkerson J S	Shandness Israel
Gunter Joseph	Shandness James
Hutchins Fev John	Smith Jesse
Hart Green	St. Clair
Harrels David	Shockey Robt Q
Hunley A	Shelburn E C P
Haskins James D	Salem Lodge No 42
Hammmonds Martin	Shelan B-becca
Hill Franklin	Tucker Meshack
Hogue A A	Thomas S B
Hogue Rev A A	Tucker Jno H
Hite William	Thomas Jno R
Hagan Joo S	Thompson Bernard
Hillard D M	Trivon John
Hool Gony	Viola St. Clair
Hardwick Mrs C E	Wimsatt Mrs Ann
Johnson Harvey	Wither James
Johnson Harvey	Whitehead Joel G
Jenkins P O	Wism Mrs Eliza
Johnson A H	White head Wm H
Jarboe M J	White miss Ann
Knott Thomas	White miss Ann
Lawrey Francis	Williamson Thomas A
Livers H P	Young Mrs Jane
Latham Archibald	Young John
Oct. 6, 1852.	J. A. HALL, P. M.

## New Fall and Winter DRY GOODS.

THE undersigned has just received from the East a very handsome assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's goods, selected by one of the tastiest buyers, west of the Alleghenies, consisting in part of the following articles:

Armorian cloths; figured and plain delaines; fancy colored merinos; silks and black and fancy cloths; 6-4 La Bayadere cassimeres; black D wkins; embroidered Vestings; plain do; overcoatings; Chalk linings; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Kils and Buckskins; all of the goods can be bought very low for cash or on a short credit.

Pers us owing account for the past year will confer a favor not to be forgotten soon by coming in and settling by cash. MONEY I AM BOUND TO HAVE. J. R. KNOTT.







## Select Poetry.

### Judge not in Haste.

By CHARLES SWAIN.

Ne'er be hasty in your judgement,  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've called a friend!  
Of two reasons for an action  
Choose the better, not the worst;  
Of two motives, choose the meaner  
Ever strikes the fancy first!  
Then be gentle with misfortune;  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've called a friend!

Judge not with detracting spirit,  
Speak not with discarding tongue;  
Nor, with hard and hasty feeling,  
Do one human creature wrong!  
Words there that, sharp as winter,  
Strip the little left to cheer;  
Oh, be yours, the kinder mission,  
Prono to so, the cause, a tear!  
Then be gentle with misfortune;  
Never foremost to extend  
Evil mention of a neighbor,  
Or of one you've called a friend!

## Miscellaneous.

### Singular Phenomenon.

A correspondent of the Cumberland Telegraph, Writing from Fetterman, (Va) under date of Sept. 3, says:

Our town was visited last night with a most singular natural phenomenon. Nothing less than a flood of insects, somewhat similar in appearance to the miller fly. They appeared instantly, and instantly rooms wherever lights were burning, were filled with them, and such a putting down of windows and shutting of doors was never known in this region before. Some rushing to the streets with candles in hand, were literally compelled to drop them and ramoss as they would from a swarm of bees. One gentleman sat his lamp in the street, and in about five minutes they were lying around it to the depth of 6 inches. Bonfires were built, and as the blaze cast its light abroad the scene was most singular, and in their passage to the flames, looked for all the world like snow flakes coming as thick as you ever saw—pouring a constant living stream into the fires. Soon men and boys commenced shoveling them into the flames which caused anything but pleasant sensations upon the olfactory nerves. Upon observation it was discovered that wherever they lighted, they remained—depositing at once two eggs—and then a few moments afterwards expiring. Within ten minutes after it was first noticed that their numbers were decreasing, they ceased coming entirely.

**A FEMALE SCULPTOR.**—A young woman named Harriet Hosmer, of Watertown, Mass., about 20 years of age, has recently produced a piece of sculpture in marble which evinces talent of a high order, and promises to render her prominent as an artist. She calls the bust which she has completed, "Hesper, the Evening Star." It has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and interwoven with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The conception of the subject of the whole work was her own, men having been employed only to chop off some of the large pieces of marble as the work was in progress. Miss Hosmer proposes to visit Rome for a few years, with a view of becoming a sculptor by profession.—*Jar. of Com.*

A handsome young girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man who had long been enamored, but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last she said—

"I believe you think I'm cheating you."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair."

"Well," whispered the young lady, blushing as she laid a slight emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining, if you were not so dear."

### A Trick Well Played.

Many are fond of playing tricks, as hiding a boy's cap, or a girl's bonnet, at school. Such things may sometimes be done for amusement, or to confer pleasure, but never to any one's serious inconvenience.

In one of our colleges, a professor, who made himself very social and familiar with the students, was walking out with an intelligent scholar, when they saw an old man hocking in a cornfield. He was advancing slowly with his work toward the road, by the side of which lay his shoes. As it was near sunset, the student proposed to play the old man a trick. "I will hide his shoes, and we will conceal ourselves behind the bushes and see what he will do." "No," said the professor, "it will not be right. You have money enough; just put a dollar in each of the old man's shoes, and then we will hide behind the bushes and see what he will do."

The student agreed to the proposal, and they concealed themselves accordingly. When the laborer had finished his row of corn, he came out to go home. He put on one shoe, felt something hard, took it off, and found the dollar. He looked all around, but saw no one, and looked up gratefully toward heaven. He then put on the other shoe, and found another dollar. He looked at it and again looked all around him, but saw no one. He then knelt upon the ground and returned thanks to God for the blessing which had thus been conferred upon him. The listeners learned from the prayer that the old man's wife and one of his children were sick, and that they were poor and that their merchants' clerks of late years and

the two dollars were a great relief sent to them from heaven. The old man now returned home with a cheerful and gratified heart. "There," said the professor, "how much better is this than to have hid the old man's shoes." The student's eyes filled with tears, and he said he would never play another trick upon any one, except in kindness.

### A Story for Non Advertisers.

[The following cogitation of Mr. Perkins should be read by that interesting class of Business men who are too poor to advertise. How they wonder at the success of Mr. Tewksbury, when he is at the yearly expense of advertising in several papers! Doubtless many of them have used the same language as Mr. Perkins, hundreds of times:]

"Mr. Perkins Perplexed.—I can't see how it is! There's Tewksbury, he's been off again—down to Newport, with his wife, two children and a servant! Where under heaven he gets money to spend in this way, is more than I can tell. He hadn't a cent when he began five years ago. Look at him now—lives out of town, keeps a horse, drives in and out every day. His expenses must be large—yet he seems to pay as he goes. I hope there is nothing wrong about Tewksbury. Then look at the money he spends for advertising! Why, that is enough to ruin any man, I don't care how rich he is. I have been in business for thirty years and I can't afford any of these things. Wouldn't I look well taking my wife down to Newport, and staying there eight weeks?—eight weeks, indeed! I sent her on a cheap excursion—but I couldn't go myself. I can't afford it—don't take in money enough to do it. And then to see a man spend his money, just to let people see his name in the papers—and sending cards and bills all about the country. Tewksbury bleeds freely for his vanity, I must confess! They don't catch me in that trap, no how. It don't do no good; I got a lot of cards and bills printed five years ago, and there they are in the desk now. Nobody ever calls for them. And then I advertised four weeks in a newspaper—money thrown away—wasted! Tewksbury is a fool, and he must fail sooner or later. I'm sorry for him—he was naturally a clever fellow. It must cost him more to advertise than all the money I take! I wish somebody would buy me out—trade is so dull."

All he said about Tewksbury was true enough, with the slight exception that Tewksbury was in danger of failing. That very thing that Perkins thought would fail him, was that which kept him up. He began business with nothing but his brains—he let the people understand where he was, and what he had to give them for their money, and he got a great run of trade, which is constantly increasing. Perkins lost his business just as fast as his customers died off or went off—he took no steps to get new ones, and the consequence is, that he is living on what he made twenty years ago. He had better shut up his shop than try to live in these times without advertising. Reader, are you following in the tracks of your friend Perkins? If you are, either shut up your shop or pitch into this great public—if you do not do the latter, your customers will pitch into you and shut you up."

### Origin of the Rothschilds.

The late Baron Rothschild was the son of a Jew of Frankfurt, of the name of Joseph. He was in humble circumstances, but very highly thought of for honesty and integrity. At the time the French crossed the Rhine and entered Germany, the prince of the Hesse Cassel came to Frankfurt, and asked Joseph to take charge of his money. Joseph did not much like the undertaking, but the prince pressed it so much that at last he consented and the treasure was given him. When the French entered Frankfurt, Joseph buried the prince's money and jewels in a chest, but did not hide his own, thinking that if they found no money they would be suspicious, and search more earnestly. The consequence was he lost all his own money. When affairs became more tranquil, and he could again enter into business, he took some of the prince's money and transacted business with it, as he formerly used to do with his own money, thinking it a pity it should lie quite useless. The prince of Cassel had heard of the French cruelty in plundering poor Joseph Rothschild, and concluded all his money and jewels were gone. When he went to Frankfurt he called on him, and said: "Well, Joseph, all my money has been taken by the French."

"Not a farthing," said the honest man. "I have it all. I have used a little in business. I will return it all to you, with interest on what I have used."

"No," said the prince, "keep it. I will not take the interest, and I will not take my money from you for twenty years. Make use of it for that time, and I will only take 2 per cent. interest for it."

The prince told the story to his friends. Joseph was in consequence employed by most of the German princes. He made an immense fortune, his sons become barons of the German Empire, and one of them settled in England.

### A Ludicrous Mistake.

A Cincinnati grocery house, finding out that cranberries commanded six dollars per bushel, and under the impression that the fruit could be bought to advantage at St. Mary's, wrote out a customer, acquainting him with the fact, and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons" (the wagoner usually sent.)

The correspondent, a plain, uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common

the most important word, "cranberries," he failed to make out, but he plainly and clearly read "one hundred bushels per Simmons." As the article was growing all around him, all the boys in the neighborhood were set to gathering it, and the wagoner made his appearance in due time in Cincinnati, with eighty bushels, all that from the country merchant, that the remainder would follow next trip. An explanation soon ensued, but the customer insisted that the Cincinnati house should have written by Simmons, and not per Simmons.—*Lou. Times.*

### Strayed or Stolen.

FROM My farm, near Lebanon Ky., about the 1st of August, 1850; a fine, young Bay Mare. All the marks that I remember are: there is a white spot on one of her hind feet, and her mane turns to the left side. I will give a liberal reward to whoever delivers her to me.

OBEDE WALSTON.

### J. HASKINS

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend courts in Washington, Mercer, &c., and Courts of Appeals. A business confided to him will be strictly and faithfully attended to. Springfield, August 23, 1851.

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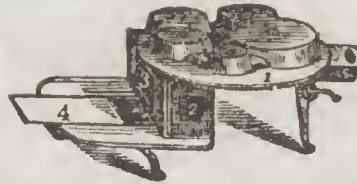
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N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

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